

# In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

## CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Looking on, thankful for his wife's temporary brightness, was Gervis, too much encumbered by his robes of icicles and snow to join the dancers, and holding his hand was little, misshapen Syb—she, too, perforce, being a spectator and never an actor in the merry games of life.

"It's a pretty sight, isn't it, little Syb?" heartily said Gervis, determined in his honest, manly fashion to be proud of the wife he had won.

Gladdy, light as a sprite, was darting up and down in the old-fashioned dance, and every eye was fixed upon her dainty figure, in its dress of silver very brocade. She, too, had blood-red berries fastened in the folds of her wedding gown and a great bunch on her left shoulder.

"If Leila had on a dress of silver brocade, and diamonds on her neck, she would look a thousand times prettier than that thin girl!" was Syb's harsh reply, as she glowered at the shining little figure dancing up and down the middle.

Before the startled Gervis could collect himself to reply a disagreeable, low laugh made both Syb and he turn quickly.

Temple-Dene was liberty hall, and the scientist had again shut himself up in his room all day, deep in some abstruse calculations, doubtless. But the music and laughter had drawn the hermit from his cell, and he stood close behind them, with a strange, mocking smile on his thin lips.

"Little missy has distinct powers of discrimination, evidently," Paul Ansdell said, fixing his black eyes full on the frowning face of the deformed child. At the same time he lifted his right hand, but, on second thought, dropped it at his side furtively.

"You ought to have been among the merry dancers, Ansdell," said Gervis, a little puzzled by his new friend.

"The merry dancers?" repeated the scientist quickly. "Why, do you know what you are saying? The merry dancers are the famous northern lights, and we folk across the herring pond have a superstition that they are never seen save before some terrible calamity."

While Paul was speaking his gaze grew more intent, and his dark eyes seemed to be drawing out the soul of the deformed child. The frown had faded from her uplifted face and in its stead an expectant look leaped. It was as though she were saying dumbly:

"I am ready! What would you have with me, my master?"

"Well," retorted Gervis, whose eyes wandered back to the quaint old dance had lost the byplay, "if the merry dancers are to bring a calamity, it must be upon yourself, Ansdell, seeing we have no such superstition among us that I know of." And he moved off, with a train of clamoring children at his heels.

The dance was over, and laughing, chattering and fluttering, the dancers, old and young, gathered around Lady Jane, who, determined to have a variety of entertainment at her Christmas party, was urging a shrinking, shy boy to recite "The Mistletoe Bough."

"You know, Bobby, you can do it so beautifully, and Mrs. Templeton would like to hear it so much!"

Bobby Vane was the big brother from Eton of the small lips in blue velvet who clung to Gladdy's skirts when he could.

Bobby was a born reciter, but, unfortunately, shy—horribly shy. However, at last, cajoled, hustled and goaded, the boy, with his ears pink and his knees knocking together—for he had never faced so large an audience—rushed at his task.

After the first line Bobby felt his feet. His voice was good, clear, sweet and round as a bell; it showed no hint of breaking as yet.

The gay company, breathless and intent, closed round the youthful reciter as the old legend in verse fell in clear, dropping syllables from his lips: The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, and the holly-branch shone on the old oak wall.

And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay.

Keeping their Christmas holiday.

And as the poem went on all were forcibly impressed by the curious similarity of their present surroundings to those detailed by the reciter.

The old world ballroom, with its dark oak rafters, its rows of glittering armor for Temple-Dene was no odd for its armor—the "godly company" of gallants and fair dames, the merry children, the old paneled walls blushing red with lavish wealth of scarlet holly berries; while here and there and everywhere, in the most unexpected places, large bunches of mistletoe hung to tempt and entrap the unwary. And, above all, there was the chief feature, the bride—

The star of that godly company.

"I think we ought to carry it out to the letter!" excitedly cried Gladdy, when the recitation was over, and the deafening applause cause shame-faced Bobby to flee for shelter behind a suit of shining armor.

"A dear, wild child, this new daughter of mine," blandly said Lady Jane to her dowager cronies, as Gladdy sped through the hall to the distant staircase.

If Gladdy had not been the great American heiress she was, her escap-

ade would have been promptly frowned down, they knew very well.

Upstairs, in the gallery that ran round the hall, Paul Ansdell was pacing up and down, with folded arms and deeply frowning brow.

Tonight meant for this man other things than it did for the merry-makers below. The crucial moment had come when he was about to stake his all. Either he would be in a position to grasp a fortune, or he would find himself in a prison cell. That he knew.

As he paced along the gallery a light footstep came behind him. So light was its pitter that Paul did not hear it.

"You?"

As he turned he faced a little figure in gleaming silver robes with patches of crimson here and there—blood-red berries—and at her throat a dazzle of diamonds.

It was Gladdy, on tiptoe.

"I have come to hide—to hide!"

Her voice abruptly died away, for Paul Ansdell's eyes held her. Her whole figure drooped, the joyousness died out of her small face, and her eyes grew large and dilated as they gazed back, almost glued to those of the scientist.

Motionless, immovable, she waited while he drew nearer to her. There was for her the fascination of the victim for the rattlesnake.

And while the two—master and tool—came closer and closer, there came floating up from below the sounds of music and revelry and gay laughter.

The dancing had begun again, and there was a flash of changing color as the couples whirled round.

In the gallery a strange silence reigned.

One little watcher, hidden close behind a bank of ferns and festoons of holly berries, could hear her own heartbeats.

It was Syb, the deformed girl, who had stolen away from the throng of merry-makers an hour since.

Something strange and uncanny had befallen Syb, some inscrutable influence held her prisoner. Her will was chained up, she was powerless to come and go as she would.

But only so far was she dominated. Every other sense she had was alert. And she watched with wonderment the bride, whom she hated for standing in the place that should have been Leila's, droop visibly before the slowly waving hands of Paul Ansdell, the scientist.

The strain not to lose anything in the strange scene being enacted before her was too much for Syb even to wonder why the long, lean hands went up and down, up and down, slowly and methodically.

The gay music from below rose and fell, and between its bursts Syb's sharp, young ears caught the hissed out command as Paul Ansdell bent over the little crouching figure in silver brocade:

"Go! Do my will!"

With a faint, almost inarticulate cry Gladdy straightened herself, and, turning, went slowly along the gallery. Paul Ansdell's eyes followed her until she disappeared on the opposite side.

The music below ceased with a crash of chords, the dance was over, and in the lull Syb heard a sharp click.

So did Paul Ansdell, for he quickly lifted his head, and a gray pallor crept over his face.

Then he hurried away in the direction of the bachelors' wing, where he had been located on his arrival.

"I hate him, too!" irritably said Syb. In truth, the poor, misshapen girl hated most people.

As if some baleful thing had departed, she rose and shook herself. The holly had scratched her thin, bare arms, and there was a trickle of red that dropped on her white muslin frock.

"Ugh! It's all horrid!" she shuddered impatiently. "I wish Leila and I could run away from it all, and live in a cottage by ourselves," she murmured, as she went wandering round the horse-shoe gallery.

For to this afflicted child all the music and brightness and Christmas joy in the hall below was gall and wormwood.

## CHAPTER X.

Even the maddest, merriest of revelers must grow weary.

The Christmas merry-makers flagged, the gay music dragged a little slowly; here and there a tired child-guest yawned in a corner, then nodded, and finally was carried away in a deep sleep.

Outside, under the stars, a long line of carriages waited, and the hostess, with tired eyes, wondered why people did not go.

It had been a fatiguing day for Lady Jane and for Leila, who had not spared herself in helping. She and Lady Jane, side by side, ran the gantlet of the interminable good-byes from exhausted but delighted guests.

The Christmas gathering had been the greatest success the county had known for years, and Lady Jane was excited by the flatteries and thanks of the departing guests.

"Where's your wife, dear? She ought to have been here to see the guests off."

Lady Jane laid her hand on her son's arm. She was, in her tired state, ready to be cross even with the heiress.

"Gladdy? I'm sure I don't know, mother dear."

Gervis yawned. He was pining to get off his Santa Claus trappings, and to have a quiet pipe by himself.

A quarter of an hour later nearly every soul under the Temple-Dene roof was echoing Lady Jane's question.

Where was the bride?

Not in her own room, not in the hot, deserted ballroom; she was not in the upper gallery, where the lights were already being put out.

All sense of fatigue was put to flight by a vague terror of some evil hanging over the house of Temple-Dene.

Under the ancient roof only two persons did not share the terrified excitement when it was discovered that Mrs. Gervis Templeton was nowhere to be found—its master and the American guest.

Gervis himself was petrified. He had brought all his strength of will to bear on nobly doing his duty to the woman he had won for his wife. No one but he would ever know how hard the fight had been.

And now it was all in vain, for Gladdy had gone—where, no one knew.

Since the journey on the Canadian Pacific railway, over the snow-covered prairies, Gladdy had been a bewildering puzzle to her husband. Her vagaries had made him secretly wonder at times if he had married a lunatic.

Then again a great fear would loom up that his wife had inherited some terrible wasting disease, and was about to slip through his fingers and out of life itself.

But this catastrophe on Christmas night eclipsed all that he had even dreamed.

Gladdy gone! She who had been the merriest, gladdest, happiest of all the "godly company!" It was inscrutable, horrible, maddening!

Out into the freezing night went parties of searchers. Not a man under Temple-Dene's roof, gentle or simple, save two—its master and the American guest, Paul Ansdell—but joined the anxious hunt.

All was in vain!

"Nothing more can be done until the daylight comes," hoarsely said Gervis, as he strode into the still gayly lighted hall, and stamped the hard iced snow off his boots.

His face was gray, and a strange look of age had crept over it, which made it startlingly like that of his mother.

Lady Jane, worn out and spent, crouched down beside the great yule-log, that crackled and roared, the only cheery thing around.

She and Gervis gazed blankly at each other. What had they done, the two were asking one another silently, that this disgrace should have come to shame them?

"Can anybody tell me who saw or spoke with my wife last?"

There was a catch in the young husband's voice as he put the question to the circle of anxious-eyed searchers round him.

"She said she was going to hide. Don't you remember?" Bobby Vane, who had recited, craned his neck forward to say.

Then everybody did remember what they had forgotten—Gladdy's wild proposal to enact the bride in the "Mistletoe Bough," and a gasp of relief came.

"Why, she's in the house somewhere, safe and sound, laughing in her sleeve at us all; and we've been for the last hour tearing our clothes and the skin off our hands in that thicket of holly-bushes round the pond!"

"Let's go all over the house again," suggested somebody else.

"Perhaps she's crept inside one of the suits of armor," suggested Bobby, with protruding eyes. What a tale it was going to be to carry back to school!

Another hour was spent in search, but all fruitlessly.

(To Be Continued.)

## TOO EXTRAVAGANT.

A Defaulting Cashier Ate Ham Boiled in Champagne.

The manner in which one defaulting cashier was detected was rather peculiar, says the Louisville Times. It was all due to the curiosity of the women of his neighborhood. He went to no expense in the way of dressing, they never heard of his gambling or drinking to any extent, he was a model husband, but he loved a good table. There was nothing unusual in this, but one day when the ladies of the vicinity were discussing the best methods of cooking meats the wife of the cashier declared very innocently that her husband doted on ham, but he would not eat it unless it had been boiled in champagne. "Boiled in champagne!" exclaimed the listeners. "Heavens, how expensive; we couldn't afford to have ham on our table often if we cooked it that way." It was soon noticed all around the neighborhood that Cashier Blank was a high liver, indeed, and the men began telling of his uplifted ideas of cookery. This soon reached the ears of the directors of the bank, and they concluded it might be wise to investigate the accounts of such an epicure. Plain water was all they could afford for their hams, so the champagne lover was called up and subsequently relegated to the pen, where he had to forego his pet dish for many, many weary days.

## Battle in an Apiary.

A singular battle was witnessed recently in an English apiary. A hive of bees was besieged by a large swarm of wasps. The bees made valiant sorties to try to drive away their besiegers and the wasps made furious assaults to drive out the bees. The battle raged for two days, at the end of which time the bees evacuated the hive and the wasp took possession.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### BLESSINGS SHOWERED UPON AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Draws Comparisons Between Our Own and Other Countries—Our Duty to Extend These Blessings to the World—Some Happy Conditions.

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Dec. 16.—Dr. Talmage preaches a discourse of Christian patriotism and shows the resources of our country and predicts the time when all the world will have the same blessings. His two texts are Revelation xxi, 13, "On the south three gates;" Psalm cxviii, "He hath not dealt so with any nation."

Among the greatest needs of our country is more gratitude to God for the unparalleled prosperity bestowed upon us. One of my texts calls us to international comparison. What nation on all the planet has of late had such enlargement of commercial opportunity as is now opening before this nation? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands brought into close contact with us, and through steamship subsidy and Nicaragua canal, which will surely be afforded by congress, all the republics of South America will be brought into most active trade with the United States. "On the south three gates." While our next door neighbors, the southern republics and neighboring colonies, imported from European countries 3,000 miles away \$675,000,000 worth of goods in a year, only \$126,000,000 worth went from the United States—\$126,000,000 out of \$675,000,000, only one-fifth of the trade ours. European nations taking the four fingers and leaving us the poor thumb. Now all this is to be changed. There is nothing but a comparative ferry between the islands which have recently come under our protection, and only a ferry between us and Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Equador, Brazil, while there are raging seas and long voyage between them and Europe. By the mandate of the United States all that will be changed through new facilities of transportation.

#### The Nation's Advertisements.

In anticipation of what is sure to come, I mail on the front door of this nation an advertisement:

Wanted.—One hundred thousand men to build railroads through South America and the island of the sea under our protection.

Wanted.—A thousand telegraph operators.

Wanted.—One hundred million dollars' worth of dry goods from the great cities of the United States.

Wanted.—All the clocks you can make at New Haven and all the brains you can spare from Boston and all the bells you can mold at Troy and all the McCormick reapers you can fashion at Chicago and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati and all the railroad iron you can send from Pittsburg and all the statesmen that you can spare from Washington.

Wanted.—Right away, wanted by new and swifter steamers, wanted by rail-train, lawyers to plead our cause.

Wanted.—Doctors to cure our sick.

Wanted.—Ministers to evangelize our population.

Wanted.—Professors to establish our universities.

"On the south three gates," yea, a thousand gates. South America and all the islands of the sea approximate are rightfully our commercial domain, and the congress of the United States will see to it that we get what belongs to us.

And then tides of travel will be somewhat diverted from Europe to our islands at the south and to the land of the Aztecs. Much of the \$125,000,000 yearly expended by Americans in Europe will be expended in southern exploration, in looking at some of the ruins of the 47 cities which Stephens found only a little way apart and in walking through the great doorways and over the miracles of mosaic and along by the monumental glories of another civilization, and ancient America will with cold lips of stone kiss the warm lips of modern America, and to have seen the Andes and Popocatepetl will be deemed as important as to have seen the Alpine and Balkan ranges, and there will be fewer people spoiled by foreign travel, and in our midst less of the poor and nauseating imitation of a brainless foreign swell.

#### Some Happy Conditions.

Again, in this international comparison notice the happy condition of our country as compared with most countries. Russia under the shadow of the dreadful illness of her great and good emperor, who now, more than any man in all the world, represents "peace on earth, good will to men," and whose empress, near the most solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul, is anxious for him to whom she has given hand and heart, not for political reasons, but through old fashioned love such as blesses our humbler dwellings; India under the agonies of a famine which, though somewhat lifted, has filled hundreds of thousands of graves, and thrown millions into orphanage; Austria only waiting for her general Francis Joseph to die so as to let Hungary rise in rebellion and make the palace of Vienna quake with insurrection; Spain in Carlist revolution and pauperized as seldom any nation has been pauperized; Italy under the horrors of her king's assassination; China shuddering with fear of dismemberment, her capital in possession of foreign nations. After a review of the condition in other lands can you find a more appropriate utterance in regard to our country than the exclamation of the text, "He hath not dealt so with any nation?"

Compare the autumnal report of harvests in America this year and the harvests abroad. Last summer I crossed the continent of Europe twice, and I saw no such harvests as are spoken of in this statement. Hear it, all you men and women who want everybody to have enough to eat and wear. I have to tell you that the corn crop of our country this year is one of the four largest crops on record—2,105,000,000 bushels! The cotton crop, though smaller than at some times, will on that account bring bigger prices, and so cotton planters of the south are prosperous. The wheat-fields have provided bread enough and to spare. The potato crop, one of the five largest crops on record—211,000,000 bushels! Twenty-two million two hundred thousand swine slain, and yet so many hogs left.

#### The Story of Prosperity.

But now I give you the comparative exports and imports, which tell the story of national prosperity as nothing else can. Excess of exports over imports, \$544,400,000. Now let all pessimists hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth, while all grateful souls fill the churches with doxology. Notice also that while other countries are at their wits' ends as to their finances this nation has money to lend. Germany, we are glad to see you in Wall street. If you must borrow money, we have it all ready. How much will you have? Russia, we also welcome you into our money markets. Give us good collateral. Meanwhile, Denmark, will you please accept our offer of \$3,000,000 for the island of St. Thomas? My hearers, there is no nation on earth with such healthy condition of finances. We wickedly waste an awful amount of money in this country, but some one has said it is easier to manage a surplus than a deficit.

Besides all this, not a disturbance from St. Lawrence river to Key West or from Highlands of New Jersey to Golden Horn of the Pacific. Sectional controversies ended. The north and south brought into complete accord by the Spanish war, which put the Lees and the Grants on the same side, Vermonters and Georgians in the same brigade. And since our civil war we are all mixed up. Southern men have married northern wives, and northern men have married southern wives, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander, and to make another division between the north and the south possible you would have to do with your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him for judgment—divide it with the sword, giving half to the north and half to the south. No, there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle. In other lands there is compulsory marriage of royal families, some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the ill-matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been an international contest, sometimes the husband having the balance of power and sometimes the wife.

#### The Question of Wages.

Again, in this international comparison there is not a land whose wages and salaries are so large for the great mass of the people. In India four cents a day and find yourself in good wages; in Ireland, in some parts, eight cents a day for wages; in England, \$1 a day good wages, vast populations not getting as much as that; in other lands, 50 cents a day and 25 cents a day, clear on down to starvation and squalor! Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands and accompany them to their homes and see what privations the hard-working classes on the other side of the sea suffer. The laboring classes in America are 10 per cent better off than those in any other country under the sun, 20 per cent, 40 per cent, 50 per cent. The toilers of hand and foot have better homes and better furnished. "How much wages do you get?" is a question I have asked in Calcutta, in St. Petersburg, in Berlin, in Stockholm, in London, in Paris, in Auckland, New Zealand; in Sydney, Australia, in Samoa, in the Sandwich Islands, so I am not talking an abstraction. The stone masons and carpenters and plumbers and mechanics and artisans of all kinds in America have finer residences than the majority of the professional men in Europe. You enter the laborer's house on our side of the sea and you find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools. His life is insured, so that in case of sudden demise his family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

#### Expenses of Government.

It is said that in our country we have more dishonesty in the use of public funds than in other lands. The difference is that in our country almost every official has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance at appropriation. The reason they do not steal is because they cannot get their hands on it. The governments of Europe are so expensive that after the salaries of the royal families are paid there is not much left to misappropriate. The emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of \$8,210,000. The emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of \$4,000,000. Victoria, the queen, has a salary of \$2,200,000. The royal palace of St. James palace is worth \$10,000,000. There is a host of attendants, all on salaries, some of them \$5,000 a year, some \$6,000 a year. Comptroller of the household, mistress of the robes, captain of gold stick, lieutenant of silver stick, clerk of the powder closet, pages of the back stairs, master of the horse, chief equerry,

equeries in ordinary, crown equerry, hereditary grand falconer, vice chamberlain, clerk of the kitchen, grooms of the court chamber, sergeant-at-arms, barge master and waterman, eight bed chamber women, eight ladies of the bedchamber, and so on and so on. All this is only a type of the fabulous expense of foreign governments. All this is paid out of the sweat and blood of the people. Are the people satisfied? However much the Germans like William, and Austria likes Francis Joseph, and England likes her glorious queen, these stupendous governmental expenses are built on a groan of dissatisfaction as wide as Europe. If it were left to the people of England or Austria or Germany or Russia whether these expensive establishments should be kept up, do you doubt what the vote would be? Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land than to have it built up and piled up inside the palaces?

#### Question of Monopolies.

Again, the monopolistic oppression is less in America than anywhere else. The air is full of protest because great houses, great companies, great individuals, are building such overpowering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor, stared at in their time for their august fortunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Washington or Philadelphia or New York as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for some imply pinchedness, of want for others. A growing protuberance on a man's head implies illness of the whole body. These estates of disproportionate size weaken all the body politic. But the evil is nothing with us compared with the monopolistic oppression abroad. Just look at the ecclesiastical establishments on the other side of the sea. Look at those great cathedrals, built at fabulous expense and supported by ecclesiastical machinery, and sometimes in an audience room that would hold a thousand people twenty or thirty people gather for worship. The pope's income is \$8,000,000 a year. Cathedrals of stately and braided arch and walls covered with masterpieces of Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo. Against all the walls dash seas of poverty and crime and filth and abomination.

Ireland today one vast monopolistic visitation. About 45,000,000 people in Great Britain, and yet all the soil owned by about 32,000. Statistics enough to make the earth tremble. Duke of Devonshire owning 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, Duke of Richmond owning 300,000 acres around Gordon castle. Marcus of Bredalbane going on a journey of 100 miles in a straight line, all on his own property. Duke of Sutherland has an estate wide as Scotland, which dips into the sea on both sides. Unfortunate as we have it here, it is a great deal worse there. While making the international comparison let us look forward to the time which will surely come when all nations will have as great advantages as our own. As surely as the Bible is true the whole earth is to be gardenized and set free. Even the climates will change and the heats be cooled and the frigidities warmed.

#### NATURE IS STRANGE.

Its Impulses Illustrated by Teamster and Hungry Dog Episode.

Seated at the edge of the curbing was a weary teamster, while near by stood his horses crunching away at their noon portion of oats, says the Chicago News. Heaving a deep sigh, the teamster slowly ambled to the wagon and from under the seat drew forth a good-sized dinner pail. Resuming his seat upon the curb he mechanically removed the cover from the lunch bucket and began to eat.

His mind was far away from his surroundings, and with an occasional ominous shake of the head he muttered the thoughts that burdened his brain. The appearance of a lean, hungry-looking dog resting upon its haunches directly in front of him attracted his attention. The animal gazed longingly at each morsel of food which passed the man's lips. The man shied a bit of bread at the dog, who devoured it eagerly. One piece of food after another he tossed to the emaciated animal until the contents of pail had disappeared, all but a tough and dangerous doughnut. Breaking a piece from the "sinker," he bade him eat it. The animal sniffed, but refused to take it in its teeth. Thinking that by tossing the morsel to the ground the animal might eat it, he did so; but the dog pushed it aside with his nose and disdained to eat it. This act on the part of the dog so angered him that he arose slowly and landed a vicious kick in the dog's ribs, which sent the poor animal into the gutter, where it lay writhing in agony. "So you, too, refused to take what I would rob myself of, after having sacrificed everything else," said the teamster, with that remark and a parting kick at the prostrate animal, he hastily removed the nosebags from the horses, mounted to the seat and drove away.

#### Horse Shoes for Luck.

The custom of keeping horseshoes for luck is said to have originated at the time when in every home was the picture of the patron saint. About the head of the saint was the distinguishing halo, which was frequently made of metal, sometimes the shape of a horseshoe. When anything happened to the picture the halo was still kept, and remained fastened to the door, in still prevail. As the bit of metal was the most substantial part of the picture, it soon became the custom to make a charm of this part only, and the horseshoe followed logically as a prevention against evil.